

*The Historie of*

Coosen, on Wednesday next, our counsell we will hold  
At *Winfor*, so informer the Lords:  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.  
*West.* I will my Liege.

*Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Fals.* Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,  
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches  
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truely,  
which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill hast thou to  
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of  
Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes,  
and Dials the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sunne  
himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame-coloured Taffata, I see  
no reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaund the  
time of the day.

*Fals.* Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take  
Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by *Phoe-*  
*bus*, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethee sweete  
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maiesty  
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* VVhat none?

*Fals.* No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-  
logue to an Egge and Butter.

*Prince.* VVell, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Fals.* Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs  
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the  
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the  
shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of  
good gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble  
and chaste *Mistris* the Moone; vnder whose countenance we  
steale.

*Prince.* Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-  
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like  
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for  
proofe

*Henry the fourth.*

proofe. Now a Purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Mon-  
day night, and most dissolutly spent on Tuesday morning;  
got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in:  
now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by & by  
in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallows.

*Fals.* By the Lord thou saiest true lad: and is not my Ho-  
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet wench?

*Prince.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the Castle; and is  
not a Buffe lerk in a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fals.* How now, how now mad wagge, what in thy quips  
and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe  
lerkin?

*Prince.* Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse  
of the Tauerne?

*Fals.* Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning many a time  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fals.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

*Prin.* Yea and else where, so far as my coyne would stretch,  
and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

*Fals.* Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not heere apparant that  
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shal there be  
Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? & resoluti-  
on thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the  
Law: doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

*Prin.* No, thou shalt.

*Fals.* Shall I? Or are by the Lord Ile be a braue Iudge.

*Prin.* Thou iudget fiske already. I meane thou shalt haue the  
hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

*Fals.* VVell *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes with my  
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prin.* For obtaining of futes?

*Fals.* Yea, for obtaining of futes, whereof the Hangman  
hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a gyb  
Cat, or a lugg Beare.

*Prin.* Or an old Lion, or a Louers Lute.

*Fals.* Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

*Prin.* VVhat sayest thou to a Hare, or the malancholy of  
Moore.